Godrice .E. Ferdinand-Fidelis

NEWSLETTER

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SURVIVING KOSISOCHUKWU ONIAWA BENEDICT BRYAN:

“YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE A CASE, IT'S BEEN NINE MONTHS!”.

The lawyer said that to me immediately my mom reported I had been raped.

APRIL 24 2025

Just like every other day, I had woken up and I was scared about how that day was going to be.

I had woken up around 3am and I kept wondering if I should tell him not to come or I should just be quiet, because somehow it felt like it was all a bad idea.

A day before that day, I had messaged my childhood friend, KOSISOCHUKWU ONIAWA BENEDICT BRYANT, to come over to my house to make out. We talked about it and In the chat he mentioned about coming the next day with condoms, which I vehemently refused and rejected.

“DO NOT COME TO MY HOUSE WITH A CONDOM” I typed three times in the chat whenever he suggested or repeated it.

He said he wouldn't do that.

April 24th, he came to the house, we chatted with my sister, ate food, talked and gossiped.

I'm not the person to stay in the sitting room, I was so fond of my room, if I could even cook and bathe inside that room, I would do that. I was playing the r&b playlist curated by me.

Nothing seemed like anything was going to be set in the mood. I wish I had listened to myself, I wish I could go back to that day and tell him not to bother coming over.

We were making out, my clothes remained on except for my shorts and panties, we were back to kissing and still I wasn't getting aroused and the fear kept persisting. I should have said Stop or I'm not aroused, but a little 18 year old me didn't know how to say no to people. I was just a girl that wanted to please

everyone and most especially my childhood friend even if it cost me my whole life, or happiness.

While we were making out, he brought out something from his pocket and I asked, "What is that?" He hid it and told me nothing. He turned around with his back facing me and did whatever he was doing and came back to making out with me. We are still making out when he starts trying to penetrate. It's painful, I'm dry, there is no vaginal wetness, everything is dry and painful.

I say "Stop, I don't want to have sex..I'm not ready for sex".

He says "it's nothing, you are just scared" and he holds me down with his two hands, legs used to separate my leg from resisting his entrance.

I keep saying "Stop, Stop, Stop" with tears in my eyes, I'm saying please stop and after another penetration, he stops.

I'm in tears, I'm in tremendous pain, everything around me feels so violated. My body is not alright. I know something is not correct but I can't say it.

I lay on the bed crying and he holds me up with his hands and hugs me. I'm crying and I'm apologizing.

"I'm sorry for refusing you sex, I'm sorry I couldn't give you what you wanted".

He replies me

"It's my fault, you said you didn't want sex, I'm sorry".

We go back to making out, he asks me to sit on his face, I do that but get up because of the stabbing pain coming from my vagina.

After I get up I ask him to give me my panties back and he vehemently refuses, “I don't want to make out again, I want my panties” I say and he keeps playing with the panties and throws it on the upper cabinet.

He wants to keep making out so I allow him. He's fingering, and I tell him don't finger my asshole, you are not allowed to do that..he turns me around and vehemently does what I said he shouldn't do.

I don't realise a lot has gone wrong till he's gone, and I'm writing about the whole experience. I'm texting to my elder sister Jemima, and she says you have been raped. My friends tell me the same thing and I decide to read about it. The more I remember, the more my brain realizes I have been raped, and just like that my whole life is shattered.

It's been Nine whole months and I remember messaging an adult in my church and telling him what happened. I remember crying in my room because my life had just been ruined.

I remember the constant excuse of the head not entering into my vagina, but there was a tear, a tear I never stitched.

There was a bigger hole. My body was not lying to me.

It's been Nine months and I remember going to meet my then school teacher to tell her what had happened. I was in severe pain when I went to that school, it wasn't even up to 24 hours, I had been raped when I went to confide in this woman, and ask if she could give me money to go to the hospital.

I remember her telling me to say what had happened in front of the school principal, as I could tell her anything and she won't tell anyone, or in her words “none of these words will leave this room”.

I narrated the whole ordeal, and the school principal said and I quote.

“It's not rape, don't give her the money, she should go back home, it's not rape, she opened the door. Go and ask God for mercy, the gift you are supposed to give to your husband, you have given it to someone else.”

She said that, and took the money from the lady and sent me back home.

In that office I shed tears, because how did I just tell you I had been raped and you didn't take me to the police station, the hospital or even think of reporting, and you decided to blame me?.

You thought of an imaginary husband, you thought of your religious belief and left me to wallow in my pain and sorrows. I took a whole lot of pain killers for a full month. I couldn't report. I was scared that just the way she had blamed me, everyone would blame me..

I couldn't also report because I consider my mom's relationship with that family. I chose everyone above me, and even when they could have chosen me, they failed terribly.

It's been Nine months and I remember the way he came to manipulate and gaslight the whole situation.

Said;

“You make irrational decisions”.

“Do you want my name to be on the sex offender list?”

“My dad is hypertensive”

“ My cousin has impregnated a girl before, and my family didn't shake”.

He did succeed with the gaslight and manipulation because stupid me, was telling the church adult, I forgive him. He said he's sorry.

I'm grateful for Myra who told me nope and made me realize he was gaslighting me..

At first I had the church adult supporting me, but it didn't take long enough for him to equally blame me and tell me “makeout is sex”.

It's crazy because after that incident, I have made out with someone, and it's in fact not sex.

Didn't take long for the man to blame me and also put the excuse on men's libido.

It's another funny excuse, because I had a more higher libido then but was I going about raping someone's son or daughter?

Didn't take long for all of them to switch it to religious issues.

I remember my school aunty telling me “act like nothing has happened”. It's really easy for her to say because it didn't happen to her.

The church adult sent me different messages on how I should move on, heal and act like nothing has happened.

Whenever he called and asked how I was doing, I used to lie and say I was fine, because I didn't want anyone telling me it's the way I have conditioned my mind to think, or sending me wizarab's tweet on how he reacted after having a life changing accident.

I kept pretending for months, I was not fine, I'm still not fine..

I gained admission into the same school he attends, messaged him because I wanted to ask if he never felt remorse for what he did to me and he didn't feel remorse at all.

He blamed me , was angry that I reported to people and they called and warned him, kept denying and saying he didn't know it was rape. Went ahead to say I'm bad at sex.

I'm currently remembering how the first thing he wanted to do was secure his future name and he didn't want anything to stain his future image.

No apology, no remorse, just a selfish rapist.

I finally told Mom on the 19th of January 2025 and well she blamed me, had so much vim for me, and none of the evil bastard. Called me a disgrace, defined my worth by virginity.

I felt suicidal for days and thought what If I ended it..I remember calling my school aunty repeatedly because I needed someone to talk to that instant, went to her house late in the night, knocked, asked my friend to call her and she didn't pick. I remember so well and I realized that I was alone.

Finally spoke with my God mom, who talked with my mom and it helped.

His dad called on Tuesday and said we should lay the matter low and hasn't called since that day. He said he was going to discuss it with his wife and I knew nothing was going to come out of it. She's a mom and obviously she would want to protect her son.

The thought of me getting justice made me feel relieved, but I can't even get justice and so I have decided to let the whole world know that KOSISOCHUKWU ONIAWA BENEDICT BRYANT is A RAPIST. He goes by bryant_sg77 or bryantsg_77 on Instagram.

Tomorrow he's going to be popular and when I call him, the men on Twitter Nigeria will blame me and say I want revenge or I'm making false accusations.

I don't know if I am ever going to heal, my mom and colleagues want me to forget and move on fast, I doubt it will because I might pretend to be okay for them but deep down in me I'm going through it and I want to kill myself

The doctor I met today said it might be a bragging right for him, while I battle demons. She said his friends might know while I'm scared and can't even say anything. I wanted to protect him before because that's a family friend but I'm done. If I can't get justice, I want his name ruined forever. The public figure, I hope he does to taste it.

My mom's colleague says don't talk about it again because someone can use it against me and I'm often wondering against me for what? I have had love interest, or even crush stop talking to me immediately I told them I was raped. I remember his @ on Twitter is _cocoYszn or there about(I can't seem to grasp). Remembering how we used to talk everyday and immediately I told him, he ghosted and aired. I can't even forget how he used to blame me and I'm sure he thought I enjoyed it because I refused to tell my mom.

I'm also sure he thought I was forcefully accusing someone too because I was a man hating feminist..

I have had people call me mentally unstable for being so defensive of rape victims…

I recently found out that I wasn't insane for thinking they had stopped talking to me because I was raped because the mama at school told me how one of her boys broke up with his babe because she was raped. It was even more crazy when he knew who raped her but he refused to cut off from his friend that raped her but rather broke up with the girl.

The day I posted about being raped I remember even how this girl that said I could tell her about anything ghosted me and later blocked me on everything.

There is really nothing anyone can use against me with this issue. I am not scared. I have been silent enough and it gave my rapist power over me. I let him blame me, abuse me emotionally, gaslight me but enough is enough. It is over. That so precious name of his I have and will continue to reduce it to the ground.

Being raped changed me, sometimes at the beginning for the worse because I had really terrible coping mechanism. It made me lose interest in the religious body. Sometimes my mom thinks it was a spiritual manipulation which is crazy and I have told her it's not.

At some point I felt God hated me because how do I tell someone I got raped and they said “Talk to God, God knows”. He knows and he didn't stop it? He knows and he didn't strike him down but let me carry all the trauma alone?

It's been a whole lot of processing but I want the world to Never forget that;

KOSISOCHUKWU ONIAWA BENEDICT BRYANT IS A RAPIST.